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SONGS

AS
SUNG
BY THE



M. SISSIERETTA JONES



BLACK PATTI

TROUBADOURS

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COLORED SHOW
ON
EARTH

VOELKEL & NOLAN

PROPRIETORS & MANAGERS

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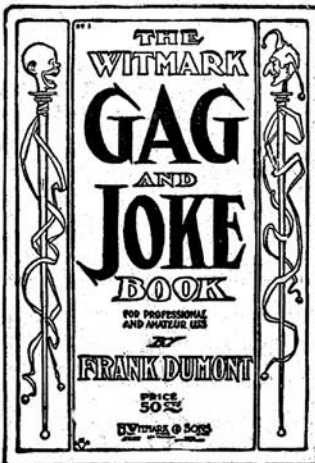
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tear-dimmed eyes, Hear the fond good-byes; They leave for the front to - day. See a



maid - en sad, Kiss a sol - dier lad, Hear him say, "Lit - tle girl don't mind; In the



bat - tle I'll not lag, I'll be fighting for the flag And the girl that I left be - hind." For the



stars and the stripes and you, sweet-heart I go with the boys in blue, You are



near to me. You are dear to me, And so is old Glo - ry too. It is time dear to part, Good -



bye! Sweet-heart, Your sol - dier will be true; I've been called and I must go, I must



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Words by J. J. WALKER.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.

Andante.



Now in the sum - mer of life, sweet-heart, You say you love but me,



Glad - ly I give all my heart to you, Throb - bing with ec - sta - cy; But



last night I saw while a - dream - ing, The fu - ture old and gray, And I



won - dered if you'll love me then, dear, Just as you do to - day.

Refrain.



Will you love me in De - cem - ber as you do in May, Will you



love me in the good, old fash - ioned way? When my



hair has all turn'd gray, Will you kiss me then and say, That you



love me in De - cem - ber as you do in May?

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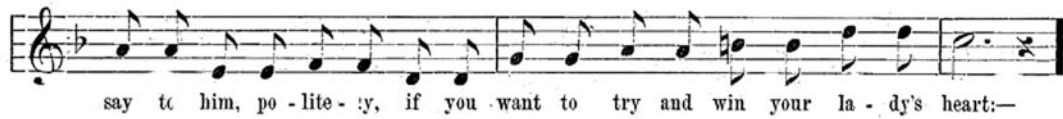
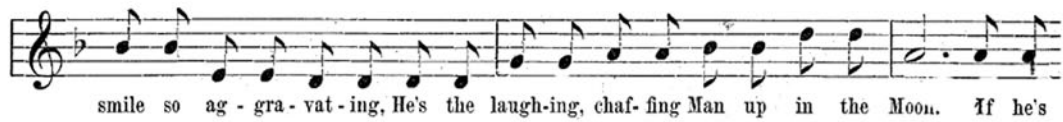
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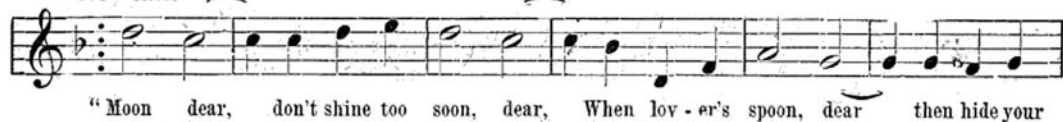
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Lyric and Music by MANUEL KLEIN.

Allegro.



Refrain.



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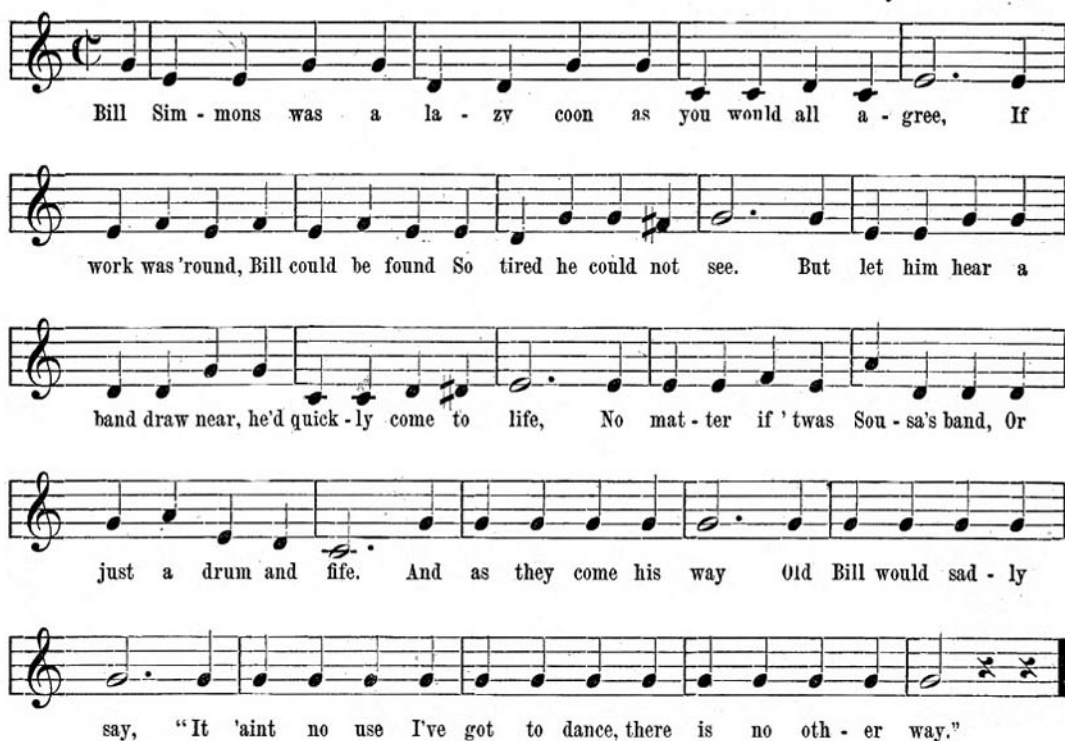
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I've Got to Dance Till the Band Gits Through.

(BILL SIMMONS.)

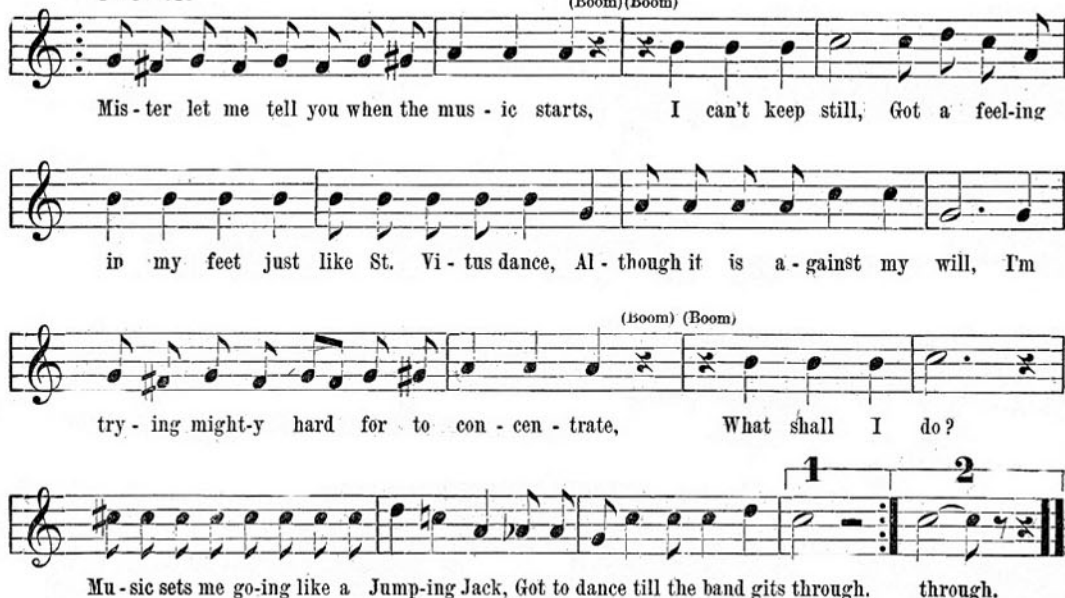
Words and Music by G. A. SPINK.



Bill Sim - mons was a la - zy coon as you would all a - gree, If
work was 'round, Bill could be found So tired he could not see. But let him hear a
band draw near, he'd quick - ly come to life, No mat - ter if 'twas Sou - sa's band, Or
just a drum and fife. And as they come his way Old Bill would sad - ly
say, "It 'aint no use I've got to dance, there is no oth - er way."

Chorus.

(Boom)(Boom)



Mis - ter let me tell you when the mus - ic starts, I can't keep still, Got a feel - ing
in my feet just like St. Vi - tus dance, Al - though it is a - gainst my will, I'm
try - ing might - y hard for to con - cen - trate, What shall I do?
Mu - sic sets me go - ing like a Jump - ing Jack, Got to dance till the band gits through. through.

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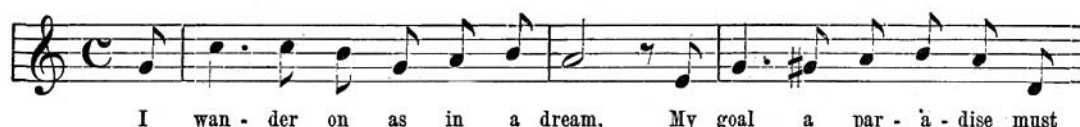
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LOVE ME, AND THE WORLD IS MINE.

Words by DAVE REED Jr.

Music by ERNEST R. BALL.



I wan - der on as in a dream, My goal a par - a - dise must



be,.... For there an an - gel waits 'twould seem, Yet lo, dear heart, 'tis on - ly



thee. Suns may shine to light my way dear, Wealth be mine for aye, dear,



Queens may pledge their rich - es too;..... Yet the world would still be lone - ly,



With such vir - tues on - ly, Life to me dear, means just you..... I



care.... not for the stars that shine,..... I dare.... not hope to e'er be



thine,.... I on - ly know I love you: Love me,.... and the world.... is



mine.... Love me,.... and the world.... is mine.....

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Those Songs My Mother Used To Sing.

Words and Music by H. WAKEFIELD SMITH.

Andante moderato.



With - in the sha - dow of my room An old mel - o - deon i - dly stands, A



rel - ic of my dear old home, Long years a - go in dis - tant lands, Its

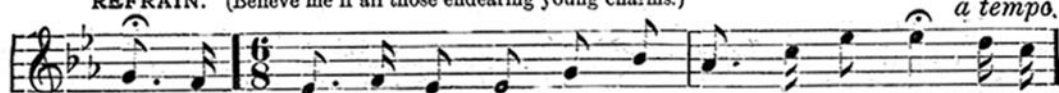


i - v'ry keys are turn - ing brown, But 'round it ten - der mem - ries cling, And



with its sweet - est tones have flown. Those songs my moth - er used to sing.

REFRAIN. (Believe me if all those endearing young charms.)



Oh, Be - - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young charms," Is a



song that she oft' sang to me, And the "Last Rose of Sum - mer" Still

(Sweet Alice Ben Bolt.)



breathes a fra - grant mel - o - dy. Ah! "Don't you re - mem - ber sweet



Al - ice, Ben Bolt," From out the gold - en past those sweet notes ring, To - night I



hear those dear old songs a - gain, Those songs my moth - er used to sing.

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THE HONEYBEES' HONEYMOON

Words and Music by Dave Reed, Jr.

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All the little busy bees were humming,
All the garden seemed to be in tune;
Soon the queen bee and groom were coming,
To be married and depart upon their honeymoon,
The honeybees' sweet honeymoon.
The flowers furnished honey for the wedding feast,
The blue-bells rang their chimes so soft and sweet;
The summer breezes blew the bees from West and East,
To make the day of merriment complete.

Butterflies in all their gaudy splendor,
Came to grace the wedding jubilee;
On the back of one, so soft and tender,
They carried in the dainty queen of all, Miss Honeybee,
In ecstasy the bride to be.
The saucy little faces in the pansy bed,
Held up their pretty lips to kiss the bride;
And all the hop 'o grasses on their journey sped,
The news to spread to Bugville far and wide.

CHORUS:

'Twas the honeybees' honeymoon,
And the song birds in the trees were all in tune;
Such a lovely day, late in June,
Just the sort of day for honeybees to spoon.
All the wedding bells rang at noon,
There were yellow gowns and black, but no maroon;
And the fireflies elated, kept the path illuminated,
On the honeybees' honeymoon.

IN MY MERRY OLDSMOBILE

Words by Vincent Bryan.

Music by Gus Edwards.

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Young Johnnie Steele has an Oldsmobile,
He loves a dear little girl.
She is the queen of his gas machine;
She has his heart in a whirl.
Now, when they go for a spin, you know,
She tries to learn the auto, so
He lets her steer while he gets her ear,
And whispers soft and low;

They love to spark in the dark old park,
As they go flying along,
She says she knows why the motor goes;
The sparker's awfully strong.
Each day they spoon to the engine's tune,
Their honeymoon will happen soon,
He'll win Lucile with his Oldsmobile,
And then he'll fondly croon;

CHORUS.

Come away with me, Lucile,
In my merry Oldsmobile;
Down the road of life we'll fly,
Automobubbling, you and I.
To the church we'll swiftly steal,
Then our wedding bells will peal,
You can go as far as you like with me,
In my merry Oldsmobile.

Mah Pretty Chloe From Tennessee

Words by Frank Craven.

Music by Ernest Ball.

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Picking cotton over yonder,
From this spot I just can see mid blossoms snowy,
Mah pretty Chloe,
Don't go making any blunder.
In the state of Tennessee,
No girl's like Chloe,
Mah pretty Chloe.
There ain't no doubts but what she knows I love her.
As often as there's stars I've told her so.
When the evening horns are blowing,
And the pickers home are going,
I'm with Chloe,
Mah pretty Chloe.

I've no use for anything, so all I do is talk and sing
About mah Chloe,
Mah pretty Chloe;
And a hundred bumble bees
Seems to flutter with their wings,
A sound like Chloe,
Mah pretty Chloe.
The humming birds all envy me her kisses
The honeysuckle blooms not half so sweet.
When the eve'ing dews are falling,
That's the time I goes a-calling,
On mah Chloe,
Mah pretty Chloe.

CHORUS.

Chloe, Chloe,
Here I stand repeating
Longing for the meeting,
Chloe, Chloe,
Mah love is like the river,
Flowing on forever,
And I will say until the day
When I am laid away,
I love mah Chloe from Tennessee.

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LUCY LINDA LADY

Words and Music by Dave Reed, Jr.

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Once there was a chieftain on an African shore,
He loved a maid of dusky shade;
Ev'ry time they met he grew to love her more.
Ev'rywhere she went he strayed.
Ev'ry night he'd paddle in his little canoe
To her little hut across the bay,
Just to see the little maid he wanted to woo,
Just to have another chance to say,
Just to have another chance to say,
To his little sweetheart o'er the bay:

In the golden glitter of the glimmering moon,
Sailing away, out of the bay,
Fled that little maiden and her African coon
On their honeymoon one day.
'Mong the fluffy cotton buds and sweet sugar cane,
Stands a little cabin quaint and queer.
From the cabin window comes the sweetest refrain.
Listen, now, and this is what you'll hear
Floating out upon the breezes clear,
Ev'ry evening this is what you'll hear:

CHORUS.

Lucy Linda Lady,
Lucy Linda love,
Queen from calf to cady,
Fair as an angel from up above.
'Neath the palm trees shady,
My heart I gave you.
Lucy Linda lady, lovely Lu.

IF I SHOULD

Words by Bartley C. Costello. Music by Leo. Friedman.

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Little girl, I've come to ask a question,
To tell the truth, I really don't know how to start.
Somehow the moon keeps peeping,
It seems to know just what is in my heart.
If the clouds would only come and hide it—
I feel then I would know exactly what to say.
Tell me what would my fate be
If I should whisper to you as we stray.

Maybe you don't wish to tell me plainly.
Well, if that's so, just give my hand a little squeeze,
I'll know just what you mean, dear;
I know your heart would never let you tease.
Maybe I can guess what you would answer,
Because the light of love you can't hide in your eyes.
I fear you're half afraid, dear,
That love will come and catch you by surprise.

CHORUS.

If I should take you out a-walking in the garden,
If I should kiss you would I have to beg your pardon,
Or would your little hand into my own be stealing
While at the shrine of love both of our hearts were
kneeling?
If I should ask you would you always linger by me?
Then do you think your heart could truthfully deny me?
If you should love me, would you tell me, would you
marry
If I told you that I loved you, loved you dearly, too?

DAT AM A CHICKEN

Words and Music by Sidney Perrin.

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At a cullud club one evening there was a prize contest
Of different nationalities and the meat folks loves the
best.
A dozen chickens to the winner who makes up his best
rhymes.
Just then old Uncle Eph got up and said, "Here's where
I shines."
"Now, Uncle Eph," the judge cried out aloud, "I hope
you understand;
You can rhyme 'most any meat you wish from hum-
ming birds to ham.
Let us hear from you, now, uncle, tell us what you got
to say."
Then Uncle Eph was very brief; he recited his rhymes
this way:

When old Uncle Eph got over not a coon attempted to
talk,
They all united in one voice—"He's won it in a walk."
And then one coon yelled from one corner, "I knew that
Eph would win.
I knew dat he would cop the prize when he did mention
chicken."
"Now let us hear from some one else," the judge was
loudly heard to say.
"If you cannot beat old Uncle Eph I'll give dis prize
away,
'Cause it ain't no use contesting if you cannot go along;
We might as well close up the hall, and join in with this
song:

CHORUS.

The English loves his roast beef,
The Japanese loves his tea,
The German loves his sauerkraut,
And the Frenchman friccasee.
The Irish loves his corn beef, with a cabbage head
thrown in,
But give the coon an American bird,
And dat am a chicken.

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ONLY A MESSAGE FROM HOME, SWEET HOME

Words by Carroll Fleming. Copyright, 1905, by M. Witmark & Sons. Music by Edmond N. Florant.

'Twas in a gay resort one night, there met a reckless crew,
When one said to another, "Jack, this letter came for you."
"I'll bet it's from a woman, boys," said one among the crowd;
With laugh and jest they gathered 'round, and Jack replied aloud:
"I'm going, boys, Good-night," said Jack, "I'll know you'll understand";
Then one by one his comrades came and shook him by the hand.
Said one, "If we had homes like that, we'd all be better men;
And now before you go just read that letter once again."

CHORUS.

It's only a message from Home, Sweet Home,
From loved ones down on the farm;
Fond wife and mother, sister and brother,
Praying to guard me from harm.
And baby is lisping a prayer to-night,
To bless me where'er I roam;
We'll welcome you, Jack, if you'll only come back,
Was the message from Home, Sweet Home.

MY SONNY BOY

(Rocking, Rocking.)

Copyright, 1903, by M. Witmark & Sons.

By Chauncey Olcott.

Don't you remember a wee little boy,
That you cared for so long ago,
Whose soft sunny curls you would often caress
As you'd croon to him soft and low.
His head on your breast, you would place there
to rest,
When all others would fail to allay
His troubles and cares, which were many just then;
As you'd sing to him softly and say:
The swift fleeting years have passed o'er us since then,
And your wee sonny boy has grown up,
And the troubles of life with its cares and its strife,
Of its bitterness he's had a sup.
His heart has been hit, and it aches just a bit,
For your soft caress he does sigh;
So take him, old nurse, in your arms once again
And sing him that old lullaby:

REFRAIN.

Rocking, Rocking, Close your eyes, Sonny boy.
Rocking, Rocking, You're your old Nana's joy.
Rocking Rocking Nothing shall you annoy.
While you do sleep, a lone watch I keep o'er my
own little Sonny boy.

WHEN AMERICA IS CAPTURED BY THE JAPS

Words by Paul West

Copyright, 1905, by M. Witmark & Sons.

Music by John W. Bratton.

Every day you read in papers of the Japanese capers;
They have chloroformed the Russians and ju-jit-sued all their foes.
They have taught us all a lesson; they have got ev'rybody guessin'.
Now they've caught the fussing fever, where they'll stop, nobody knows.
When they've finished up with Russia, they may take a whack at Prussia;
Take the King of England pris'ner and the other potentates.
Then with cries of battle frantic across the broad Atlantic,
And before we see them 'till the big United States
When the Japs begin to hustle, they will worry Uncle Russell,
And I pity Rockefeller, Gates and Mister Morgan then;
For the only kind of money will be Japanese, it's funny,
And instead of Morgan's dollars he won't have a single yen.
Oh, the beef trust will be busted; the tobacco trust disgusted.
We will eat no beef; we'll quit cigars, and opium smoke instead.
And in place of beer and whiskey we'll drink saki till we're frisky,
And Chicago men who eat with knives on chopsticks will be fed.

CHORUS.

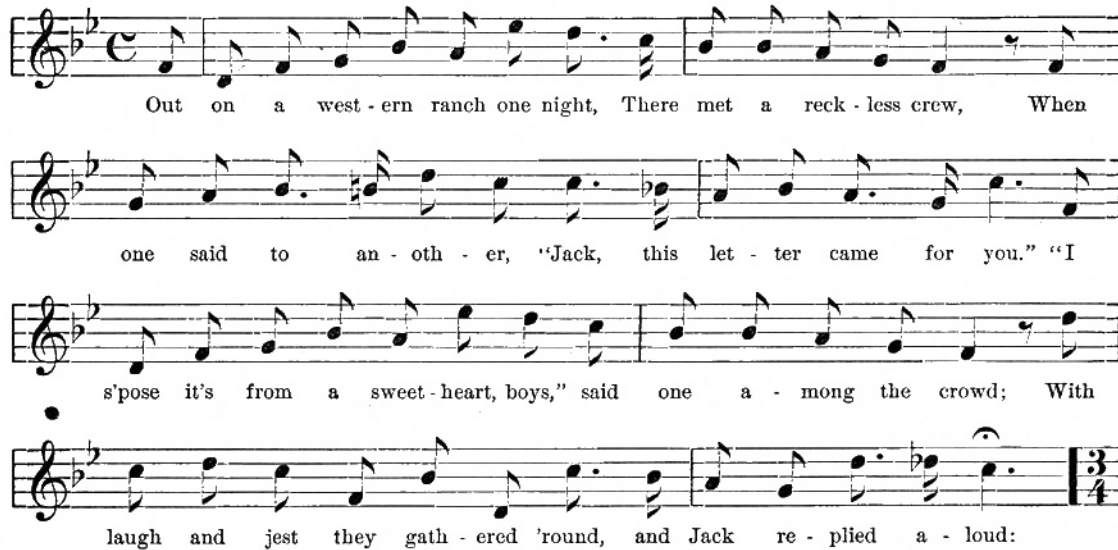
When America is captured by the Japs, we will carry fans and live on rice, perhaps.
When the yellow fellows own us, we will have to wear kimonos;
Jersey City will be stricken from the maps.
Doctor Parkhurst then can softly fade away, for the Japs won't understand a word he'll say.
And the show girls, goodness gracious, will be driven out by geishas,
When America is captured by the Japs.
When America is captured by the Japs, Harry Lehr will have to go to work, perhaps.
Bake-bean Boston, like St. Louis, will exist upon chop-suey;
All the coons will play fan-tan instead of craps.
In the papers we may find some news that's true; some new jokes from old Japan for C. Depew.
They will bring jin-rick-shaws for us; no more autos running o'er us,
When America is captured by the Japs.

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Only a Message from Home, Sweet Home.

Words by
CARROLL FLEMING.

Music by
EDMOND N. FLORANT.



Out on a west-ern ranch one night, There met a reck-less crew, When
one said to an-oth-er, "Jack, this let-ter came for you." "I
s'pose it's from a sweet-heart, boys," said one a-mong the crowd; With
laugh and jest they gath-ered 'round, and Jack re-plied a-loud:

CHORUS. (*Slowly, with expression.*)



It's on-ly a mes-sage from Home, Sweet Home, From loved ones down on the
farm,..... Fond wife and moth-er, Sis-ter and broth-er, Pray-ing to
guard me from harm;..... And ba-by is lisp-ing a prayer to -
night To bless me wher-e'er I roam,..... "We'll wel-come you,
Jack, if you'll on-ly come back," Was the mes-sage from Home, Sweet Home....

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DEAR OLD PUMPKIN MAN

Words by Dave Nowlin M. Witmark Sons, Publishers and Proprietors. Music by Geo. Walter Brown.

Soft and low, breezes blow,
Night am fallin' o'er the land.
From the glade in the shade
Comes the dear old pumpkin man;
Peepin' through the dark with fiery eyes,
Fillin' little children with surprise.
You'd better run inside and in the covers hide,
If you've been good he couldn't catch you if he
tried.

If he can, pumpkin man
Grabs you and away he'll run,
To his home all alone;
There he'll tease you just for fun.
He'll never give you nice things to eat,
You'll have to live on corn and hoot-owl's feet;
So children don't be bad, then he'll be mighty glad,
It's naughty boys and girls what makes him mad.

CHORUS:

Dear old pumpkin man,
He'll steal you if he can.
A blinkin' and a winkin' 'round the garden gate,
Ketchin' all the little kids that stays up late
Dear old pumpkin man,
With jack-o'-lanterns in his hand.
You'd better scoot off to bed,
And cover up your little head,
From the dear old pumpkin man—from the dear old
pumpkin man.

HALLELUJAH! SHOUTED PARSON JONES

Words by Dave Nowlin. M. Witmark Sons, Publishers and Proprietors Music by Geo. Walter Brown.

The collection basket was passed around,
'Mongst the cullud folks at church.
Ten cents was all that Brother Rastus Brown
Could find when he made the touch.
Then Parson Jones got riled and said,
"I'm goin' ter wake these people up;
Goin' to show them all a miracle,
Then again we'll pass the cup."
"Don't let the audience know what you is about,
Deacon Brown," said Parson Jones.
"Climb up the loft and let the pigeon out
When the proper signal comes.
The congregation will please arise,
While the spirit frum above
Flies down to meet me right befo' your eyes
In the body of a dove.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Glory!"

The multitude was gathered 'round
On the banks of Hangtown Pond,
Old Parson Jones was tellin' them
'Bout the pearly gates beyond.
He axed them all in pleadin' tones
Fer to jine that happy band,
Go marching upward to the skies
To the golden gates beyond.
"Come on, Sinners, git yer sins washed away,"
Was the cry of Parson Jones.
"Who'll be the next nigger baptized today?
Git the debbil outen your bones."
Jist then a wench, with her arms full of bread,
Hollered, "Parson, here I is."
She stuffed the bread in the folds of her waist,
Then she placed her hands in his.
Oh! Oh! Oh! Glory"

CHORUS.

Hallelujah! Shouted Parson Jones, but the spirit
wouldn't come.
Then the congregation thought it most peculiar.
"Laws a massy," cried a voice frum above. What on
earth we gwine to do?
Why the rats have et the speret up." Oh! Halle-
lujah!

CHORUS.

"Hallelujah!" Shouted Parson Jones, as they waded
in the stream,
Then the bread commenced to float away from
Julia.
"Duck her again!" yelled the crowd on the shore,
"that's the best we ever seen,
Why her sins are coming out in chunks. Oh! Hal-
lelujah!"

TAKE ME TO YOUR HEART AGAIN

Copyright, 1905, by M. Witmark & Son Words by Colin Davis. Music by Frank J. Richmond.

Love, when the sun is shining, thoughts of the past
grow dim,
Lightly we cease repining for that which might
have been;
But when the day is dying, then, with its sad,
sweet pain,
Love must come softly sighing, back to your heart
again.

Dearest, my heart is yearning, why must we longer
grieve?
Each lane must have its turning, each day must have
its eve;
So when the sun is setting, let me not plead in
vain;
Take me, without regretting, back to your heart
again.

REFRAIN.

Whey the sun at eve is sinking,
When its colors tint the west,
When the silver stars are blinking,
When the birds have flown to rest,
When the dew drops kiss the clover,
Softer than the Summer rain;
When the busy day is over,
Take me to your heart again.

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SALLY ANN.

Words and Music by DAVE REED, Jr.

Allegro.



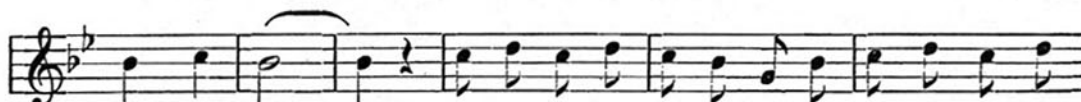
1. I've lost my brain, I'm half in - sane, Ev' - ry - thing is fine, fine,



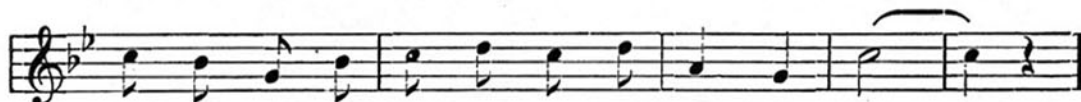
fine;... Since Sal - ly Ann Called me her man, Prom-ised that she would be



mine.... Down with the blues; Shout out the news, 'Scuse me while I



dance with glee..... Ev - 'ry one con - gra - tu - late me, If you love or



if you hate me, When Miss Sal - ly mar - ries me.....

CHORUS.



Sal - ly Ann, Sal - ly Ann, Night and day I'm sing - in',



Bless my soul! I can't help wing - in'; Sim - ple life, that will be my



plan When I mar - ry Sal - ly Ann. Ann.....

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SOPRANO OR TENOR.

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OGDEN WARD.

Music by
EDWARD WARREN CORLISS.

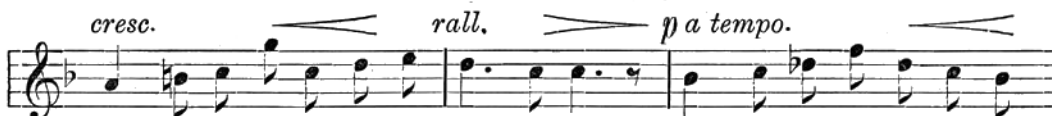
Andante con moto,



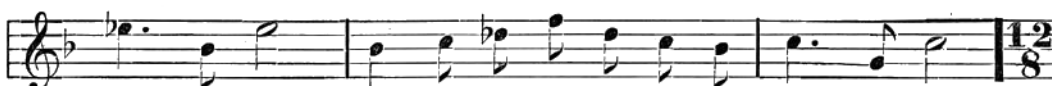
A - lone I wan-der in the aft - er glow, Be-hold-ing vis-ions of our



long a - go, Dream - ing once more I'm stroll - ing hand in hand,



With you, my dar-ling, thro' love's won - der-land. Gone are those gold - en days in



Ar - ca - dee! Oh! for a Par - a - dise that was to be!

REFRAIN.



Star of my life, I wait for you, Star of my life, I wait for



you!..... My own, my love, for you I wait....



Star of my life, I wait for you!.. for you! you, for you!

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OLE MAN MOON.

Words and Music by LYN UDALL.

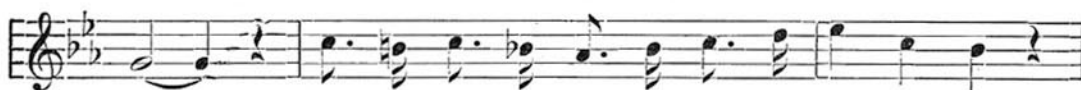
Andantino.



1. Down in dear old Dix - ie where the rose vines twine, Cab - in on a moon - lit



shore; Mam-my with her kink - y - head - ed hon - ey boy, Sit - ting in the cab - in



door... Lit - tle pick - a - nin - ny's eyes are wide a - wake,



List' - ning to the jab - ber - wob - bil's tune,... Mam-my, tired and drow - sy, rock - ing



to and fro, This lit - tle "boo - gy" song be - gins to croon:...

REFRAIN. *Andante.*



Ole Man Moon!... am goin' to git you soon,... He's goin' to



come and ketch you by suh - prise,... Less you close dem lit - tle snoo - zy too - zy



eyes,... Ole Man Moon! he is a great big coon,... He'll



pull yo' by de pig - tail—make you hol - ler,— Ole Man Moon!...

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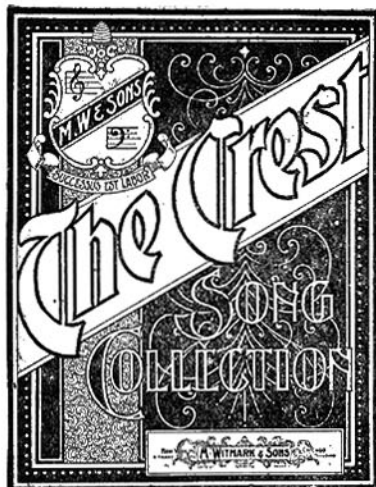
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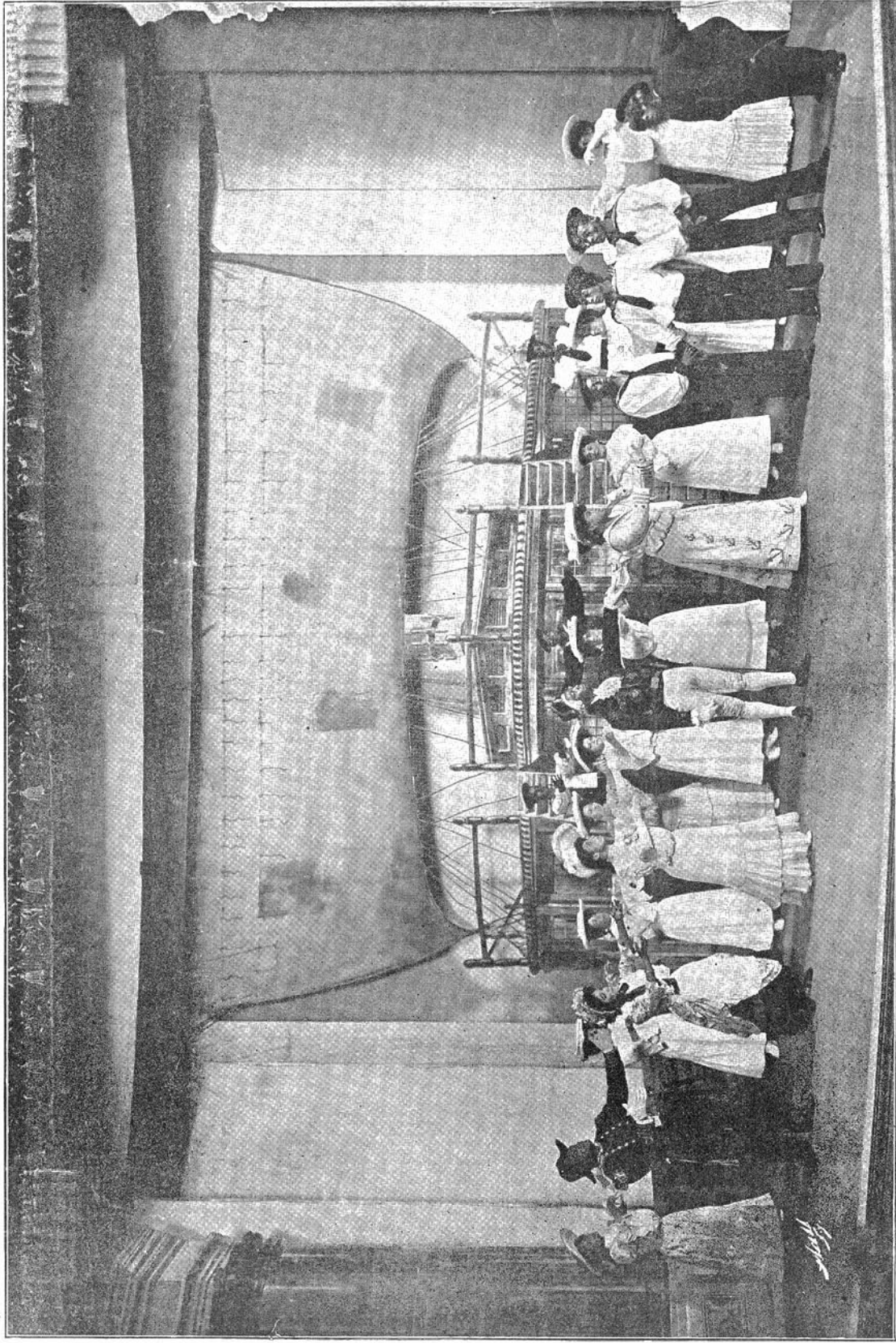
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